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CARNEGIE

MAGAZINE

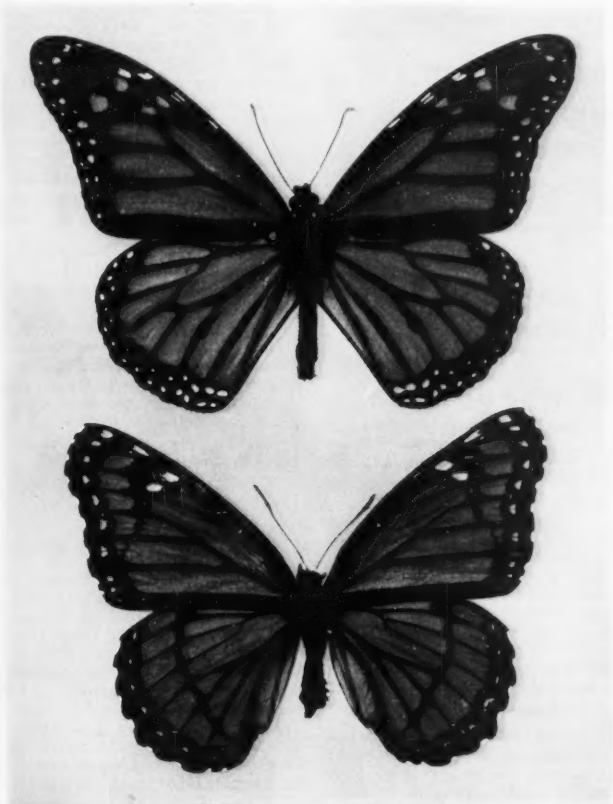
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VOLUME III PITTSBURGH, PA., SEPTEMBER 1929 NUMBER 4



PROTECTIVE MIMICRY

Above—THE MONARCH (Distasteful to Birds)

Below—THE VICEROY (Edible) Mimicking the Monarch

(See Page 105)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME III NUMBER 4
SEPTEMBER 1929

O sweet September! thy first breezes bring
The dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter.
—GEORGE ARNOLD, "September Days"

—♦—

HOURS OF ADMISSION—ALWAYS FREE

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From October to July. Every Saturday evening at 8:15 o'clock, and every Sunday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock. —CHARLES HEINROTH, Organist

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The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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CHARLESTON'S LIBRARY AMBITIONS

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

DEAR CARNEGIE:

The CARNEGIE MAGAZINE, which I have avidly devoured each month since its very first issue, has fired and kept ablaze in me a very real library enthusiasm, and I am doing all I can to create an atmosphere here that will enable us to secure an institutional library for service among the white and colored populations of Charleston.

Lines like these from William Green which you quote in the May issue are not soon forgotten: "A public library is a necessary part of the educational equipment of every city . . . a storehouse of the tools of education." That is just a sample.

And if you did not want to be "pestered" with appeals for help from Charleston, you erred recently in printing Mr. Carnegie's optimistic word, "The gods send thread for the web begun." Reading that and appreciating Charleston's need, I determined to do my part in beginning "the web." And now we need "thread."

If the library comes to Charleston—and it will, soon or late, for Mr. Carnegie was not given to half-baked prophecies—you should be the recipient of a particularly fine laurel wreath in token of your contribution to the realization of the project.

—CHARLES B. FOELSCH

P.S. Your discriminating editorial, "Peace or War?" in *Through the Editor's Window* (February, 1929) inspired me some weeks ago to write "The Big Parade" for my Monday morning's column in the *Charleston Daily News and Courier*. You will be interested in the clipping because of the share, though quite unconsciously, you had in its preparation.

[Dr. Foelsch is pastor of the St. Andrew's Lutheran Church in Charleston]

BON JOUR, MR. FRANK!

Isaac W. Frank has just donated \$50,000 to the Young Men and Women's Hebrew Association for the purpose of enlarging the activities of that organization. Under Mr. Frank's inspiring leadership our Jewish friends have constructed a beautiful building and furnished it with every comfort and accessory that can attract the youth of both sexes to its healthful and cultural hospitality. The institution enjoys a membership of about five thousand boys and girls, and is providing the inspiration to all of them to develop their tastes in painting, sculpture, literature, and good thinking.

Mr. Frank has made an investment which will bring him spiritual dividends through many generations—and those are the kind of dividends that have always through his useful life most delighted him.

A TERRIFYING BOOK

A Review of Erich Maria Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front"

NO man can read this book without having his emotions stirred to their depths. It is not a story. It is the revelation of the life of the common soldier in war, and if it could be read universally, its tale of pitiable and insufferable anguish would put a stop to the worst and last evil that afflicts the good order of civilization.

Upon noting that the Book-of-the-Month Club had presumed to take the liberty of expurgating the volume as translated into the English edition, I sent to England for a copy of that form, and this review is based upon the English (Putnam) edition. In comparing this copy with the American (Little, Brown) edition, it is found that some thirty pages have been excised through the fearful scrutiny of the Book-of-the-Month Club. There are perhaps four words in the English copy which ought to have been softened, or even omitted. They are rough words which soldiers use in referring to camp habits, and it was unnecessary, indelicate, and in wretchedly bad taste to print them in these rude forms. But when that is said, the omission of the paragraphs in which these words occur is inexcusable. Again, there are certain incidents in the English book, showing the bodily hunger of the soldiers, which are entirely ignored in the American copy. For instance, one of these episodes occurs on page 288, English edition, and is omitted from the other, describing a visit of a woman to her wounded husband in the hospital, which is extraordinary in all literature, yet shows so much of human sympathy and marital understanding that it seems finical in the last degree to censor it as unsuitable for printing.

And now for the book itself. The teller of the story, Paul Baumer, is a German private soldier, eighteen years

old when the war breaks out. Before going into the army, he had life, ambition, and a career before him, but while death is wiping out a generation of the world's best manhood, those who survive have become so embittered and so brutalized that they have lost their ideals and the world its attractions.

But the foul thing that rises up from its own strength and stays to dominate every page in hideous and ghastly horror is the unending suffering of the private soldier's life. The fathers and mothers of the whole world send their children to war with flags flying and drums beating and the halo of adventure and romance hanging like a flimsy veil over the regiment, while statesmen prate of patriotism to be vindicated, and of glory to be won. And civilization itself is the stake to be fought for. Well, civilization was at stake in that war, but these innocent German youths did not know it. Time and again they ask each other, "What is it all about?" and "Who began it?" One of them says the Kaiser did it, but a sensible answer comes instantly that the Kaiser could not have done it all by himself, after which another wise youth states that twenty voices joined to the Kaiser's might have prevented it.

The word pictures come in rapid succession. A charge over the top without a purpose; a retreat; always men killed and others left to die in the terrain between; a lookout sighting from a tree, and soon his head is gone while the body remains; a dive into a shell hole when bombs fall from the sky; a hand-to-hand fight in which he cuts the throat of a Frenchman, not his enemy, he feels sure, because he never saw a Frenchman before, but he had to kill him, and now his hands are all over blood; his chum is shot in the leg and he carries him toward a dressing station,

but before arriving there a bullet through the wounded man's head finishes him. Finally, he gets it himself—in the leg—and goes into one of the military hospitals. And there he sees nothing, hears nothing, but the wounded. All around him abdominal and spine cases, head wounds, and double amputations. On one side are jaw wounds, gas cases, nose, ear, and neck wounds; on the other side, the blind and the lung wounds, pelvis wounds, wounds in the joints, wounds in the intestines; wounds which have destroyed the power to procreate life. He realizes for the first time how many places there are where a man can get hit. And yet they live for a while, anyhow, with completely smashed hip bones, knees, faces, and shoulders. Our sons— butchered—and butchering—like that!

When the surgeons see death approaching, they suddenly grow covetous of the cot on which the dying soldier lies. Every now and then they look upon him with growing irritation. Why on earth doesn't he go? They need that cot for a man not yet quite so near death. A thought of home, of mother and father—oh, such pain!—tears are streaming down the cheeks; then a convulsion, a last sigh, and ere the poor mutilated flesh grows cold it is thrown out of bed and buried in the common trench. The author says:

And this is only one hospital, one single station; there are hundreds of thousands in Germany, hundreds of thousands in France, hundreds of thousands in Russia. How senseless is everything that can be written, done, or thought, when such things are possible. It must all be lies and of no account when the culture of a thousand years could not prevent this stream of blood being poured out, these torture chambers in their hundreds of thousands. A hospital alone shows what war is.

For a time the hero of this book was put on guard duty over a camp of Russian prisoners, of whom there were more than two millions held in a debasing bondage behind the German lines. They looked like great Saint Bernard dogs which had been whipped into a

brooding silence; and they were glad to rove among the German garbage cans to pick up such bits of decayed food as the German soldiers could not eat. Yet these prisoners were the flower of Russian manhood. There is glorious war for you!

And then the voice of slaughtered youth speaks to the men who make wars, but who do not fight in them. Let us listen to him:

I am young, I am twenty years old; yet I know nothing of life but despair, death, fear, and fatuous superficiality cast over an abyss of sorrow. I see how peoples are set against one another, and in silence, unknowingly, foolishly, obediently, innocently slay one another. I see that the keenest brains of the world invent weapons and words to make it yet more refined and enduring. And all men of my age, here and over there, throughout the whole world, see these things; all my generation is experiencing these things with me. What would our fathers do if we suddenly stood up and came before them and proffered our account? What do they expect of us if a time ever comes when the war is over? Through the years our business has been killing—it was our first calling in life. Our knowledge of life is limited to death. What will happen afterwards? And what shall come out of us?

Here is another picture of what your boy and mine were doing every day for four years. And we ask you gentlemen at Number 10 Downing Street, and you at the Quai D'Orsay, you Unter den Linden, you who attend upon that oriental Son of Heaven, you at the Palazzo Chigi, you on the banks of the Potomac, and even you at the Bridge of the Minstrels—will you—will you ever again—set forty million men against each other to do beastly degradation, diabolical dismemberment, and drab murder like this?

We have become wild beasts. We do not fight, we defend ourselves against annihilation. It is not against men that we fling our bombs, what do we know of men in this moment when Death with hands and helmets is hunting us down—now, for the first time in three days we can see his face, now, for the first time in three days we can oppose him; we feel a mad anger. No longer do we lie helpless, waiting on the scaffold, we can destroy and kill, to save ourselves, to save ourselves and be revenged.

We crouch behind every corner, behind every barrier of barbed wire, and hurl heaps of explosives at the feet of the advancing enemy before we run.

The blast of the hand grenades impinges powerfully on our arms and legs; crouching like cats we run on, overwhelmed by this wave that bears us along, that fills us with ferocity, turning us into thugs, into murderers, into God-only-knows-what devils; this wave that multiplies our strength with fear and madness and greed of life, seeking and fighting for nothing but our deliverance. If your own father came over with them, you would not hesitate to fling a bomb into him.

Well, when those outraged young men got home from all the armies, there was a good deal that happened. The Kaiser, in ignominious flight, lost his throne, twenty-two German kings and princelings fell from power when he did; the German and the Austrian empires fell apart as if their vast dominions had been held together by a rope of sand. In Russia a massacre put an end to things there. Revolution swept over Europe, dictators sprang into power to arrest the wave of destruction; a load of debt fastened itself upon the warring nations which their great-grandchildren will still be paying. And yet men are talking of the next war. Let them beware before they make the world a smoking wilderness and send another generation to extinction!

This boy never got home. Just when peace was being arranged, he fell, in one of those senseless charges over the top, on a day so uneventful that the army report confined itself to a single sentence: "All quiet on the Western Front."

—S. H. C.

SOUL DISCIPLINE

GEORGE GERSHWIN, perhaps best known generally for his "Rhapsody in Blue," is regarded as an outstanding leader of the younger group of American composers. His musical talent adapts itself as well to the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society as to the musical comedy stage and in both he has achieved signal triumphs.

After the recent Philharmonic-Symphony première of his "An American in Paris," a reception was held for the

composer at which some of his admiring friends presented him with a souvenir. Otto H. Kahn, in extending the gift, made a speech in which he paid tribute to Mr. Gershwin as the typical exponent of the genius of Young America. Mr. Kahn's closing remarks are reprinted here:

"Now, far be it from me to wish any tragedy to come into the life of this nation for the sake of chastening its soul, or into the life of George Gershwin, for the sake of deepening his art. But I do want to quote to him a few verses—by Thomas Hardy, I believe—which I came across the other day and which are supposed to relate to America:

I shrink to see a modern coast
Whose riper times have yet to be;
Where the new regions claim them free
From that long drip of human tears
Which peoples old in tragedy
Have left upon the centuried years.

"The 'long drip of human tears,' my dear George! They have great and strange and beautiful power, those human tears. They fertilize the deepest roots of art, and from them flowers spring of a loveliness and perfume that no other moisture can produce.

"I believe in you with full faith and admiration, in your personality, in your gifts, in your art, in your future, in your significance in the field of American music, and I wish you well with all my heart. And just because of that I could wish for you an experience—not too prolonged—of that driving storm and stress of the emotions, of that solitary wrestling with your own soul, of that aloofness, for a while, from the actions and distractions of the everyday world, which are the most effective ingredients for the deepening and mellowing and the complete development, energizing, and revealment of an artist's inner being and spiritual powers."

The great and glorious masterpiece of man is to know how to live to purpose; all other things, to reign, to lay up treasure, to build, are, at most, but little appendices and props.

—MONTAIGNE

MODERN ART

By W. R. VALENTINER, *Art Director of the Detroit Institute of Arts*

[With the Carnegie Institute's approaching International Exhibition of Paintings in mind, Dr. Valentiner was asked for permission to reprint in the *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* an article from his pen interpreting the modern paintings which were recently shown at Detroit. He has courteously given his permission, and the article follows with the omission, however, of a few references purely local to Detroit. His comments on present-day tendencies are sound, timely, and helpful.]

LET us not be misled if our first impression is unexpected and not altogether pleasing. Is not actual experience—and what else is art—always unexpected and startling? Let us but recall the first appearance of the great artists of the past and the criticisms of contemporaries, or the events of more modern times, which we or our fathers have witnessed: the early days of the great nineteenth-century musicians, or of Realism and Impressionism in France. Their first appearance caused a stir, and yet in the course of one or two generations the small circle of early followers quickly encircled the world.

This latest movement in art has perhaps even more violent adversaries than those who fought against the masters of the Barbizon school or against the Impressionists. Perhaps the conditions of understanding are more difficult than they were in those movements of the past. Only he who does not see the extraordinary break of history caused by the War, by its antecedents and its consequences, can expect that art, this mirror of the nations, will continue in its normal way, as it did during the preceding generations. In practically

all countries a new conception of art was quietly developed, reflecting the spiritual experiences during a turning point of the times. This movement had to come, for art had reached the end of the naturalism which was preponderant

since the time of the Renaissance. Instead of the spiritual and symbolical conception of the Middle Ages, the artists of the Renaissance had introduced a realistic conception, which, being an exact imitation of nature, went further and further away from the religious basis, in keeping with the evolution of the times. The art of the seventeenth century went on developing naturalism in portrait,



DR. W. R. VALENTINER

genre, and landscape painting. The art of the eighteenth century pushed further the neglect of the spiritual side in favor of a decorative, superficial style of painting. In the Impressionist movement the art of the nineteenth century reached the most perfect rendering of the most external appearance of things. It knew how to project, as if by magic, even air, light, and movement on the canvas. But nothing had remained of the spiritual content which does not show itself in the outer surface of nature, but seems to lie behind the objects and seems only

to look forth here and there as if through a window, from the beyond into the now.

We believe that we are living at a time which marks the parting not only of two generations, but of two epochs or centuries, perhaps, with entirely varying philosophies. It seems that in the history of mankind, the development of art comes in great waves, in which a more naturalistic expression alternates with a more abstract, spiritual expression. Assyrian and Egyptian civilization belongs to the periods of abstract art, which were developed into the naturalistic Greek and Roman art. Opposed to this, there appeared again for a period of about five hundred years, the art of the Middle Ages, with its abstract style. In its place there came once more for about five hundred years the naturalistic art which began with the Renaissance and now seems to have come to its end.

The great problem of all abstract and spiritual art is to abandon a facile rendering of space, such as is obtained by photography. Primitive art aims at a strong simplification of the image seen by the eye, in which only such elements are accentuated as express clearly the inner life; for instance, the expression of an eye or of a drastic movement. By omitting all superfluous details of the appearance, the essential content of the composition becomes clearer. A certain conventionalization of the form is a common characteristic of all abstract, spiritual art. The intention is to impress the spectator with higher spiritual laws. At the same time, a more intense decorative and architectonic character is obtained in this art, as it does not break through a wall, as does the window perspective of naturalistic art. Primitive art accentuates the wall and decorates it with colors and rhythms of lines. In order to designate this conception of form, expressions such as "Cubism," "Futurism," and the like have been coined, which fundamentally mean nothing. The artist who uses this art of simplifi-

cation is either a true artist or an imitator. It makes no difference to which movement he belongs, whether he is an Expressionist, a Cubist, or a Futurist. If a true artist, such as Matisse or Arthur B. Davies, uses simplification, he will always manifest his personality. Only a superficial spectator doubts the sincerity of the artist who proves his individuality by his very wrestling with the problems of his period.

One does not expect that an art born of the restlessness and excitement of our times, of the wars and revolutions which have devastated Europe within the last generation, shall ingratiate itself through charm and surface agreeability. Such an art is in direct contrast with a superficial ideal of taste and cannot be measured by the petty standard of an art based on luxury. Since the eighteenth century there has existed a "society" art that even today dominates wide circles, especially in the field of portrait painting. This conception of art had a strong influence upon public taste up to the present day. But there is also an art that is life itself, that rises out of the depths like a cry and in this cry carries the deepest expression of true humanity. To find the way back to this type of art which was characteristic of the greatest and most stormy epoch at the height of the Middle Ages and the Baroque is the endeavor of some of the best modern artists.

In the nineteenth century no country in Europe suffered so much from a constant turmoil of its political and economic affairs, from wars and revolutions, as France. Yet no country produced such a high standard throughout the whole century as this country; and the art was at its height just at the moment of greatest chaos, such as the Revolution of 1830, and the Franco-Prussian War. During the World War, Central Europe and the adjoining countries in the East went through a greater social and political revolution than the Western part of Europe and it seems as a result that a larger number

of original outstanding personalities have come forth in this part of the world.

Although the general tendencies of the most modern artists all through Europe and in this country have common points, there are many individual conceptions of form, some nearer, some further away from nature, some of more spiritual, some of purely decorative meaning. Among the artists [exhibiting at Detroit] are some who seem to live in an almost transcendental dream world, such as Odilon Redon or Paul Klee. There are others who follow rather the Cubistic mode, such as Lyonel Feininger and, in the particular example of his work shown here, Arthur B. Davies. Others are still connected with the Neo-Impressionistic school, like Prendergast. Others again endeavor to extract a more intense spiritual life in concentrated form, such as Nolde and Schmidt-Rortluff.

There is no reason why we should not understand all these expressions, as they are typical of the ideas of our time.

NEW GUIDE SERVICE AT THE INSTITUTE

THE people of Pittsburgh are well acquainted with the attractive halls of painting and of natural history, and also with the rich library facilities at the Carnegie Institute, as shown by the daily throngs of visitors.

In order to give more specialized attention to those friends who desire from time to time to make a studious tour of the Institute, a special guide service has been organized for the purpose, commencing with September and running until the following June. Members of the staff will be in attendance at the central carriage entrance at eleven o'clock on Tuesdays and Thursdays, holidays excepted, to extend a personal welcome to individuals or groups who may arrive at that hour and to conduct them through the various departments, making brief informative

comments on the permanent collections. These semiweekly tours will consume about one hour and are cordially open not only to the residents of Pittsburgh but to any visitors from other cities who would desire to attend them.

It goes without saying that this guide service will not in any way interfere with the usual freedom of the Institute's halls and galleries at all times.

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD

IN a very good biography of the Chevalier Bayard, whose name throughout the world denotes honor, loyalty, and courage, the author—Samuel Shellabarger (The Century Company)—gives this summary of his character:

Not only a personality of his times, not only a Frenchman, not only a soldier even, indeed but secondarily these; he becomes representative of universal issues—of that faith, to be sure, of which chivalry was a manifestation, and which, though neglected, can never die; of medievalism with its virile emphasis on loyalty and submission; but primarily, and to us more immediately, of reverent manhood; faithful to its heritage of few but clear ideals, whose dignity is duty and whose honor, steadfastness. He represents the generations of obscure men, who are gentlemen by virtue of holding fast what the race has bequeathed for guidance in conduct and character, by virtue of discipline and self-control, of constancy, and helpfulness. These are the important men, these conservatives. They insure progress by upholding continuity. They form the vertebra of any national life. And of such, we repeat, Bayard becomes an almost legendary example.

When—always in the front rank—he fell in battle, he said:

Tell the King that I die happy because in his service, and sword in hand, as I have always wished. And I have no regret in dying, except that I lose the means of serving him any more.

And the enemy commander, reporting the battle to the Spanish Emperor, said of Bayard's passing:

A beautiful death, and, sire, although Lord Bayard was the servant of your enemy, still it is pity of his death; for he was a gentle knight beloved by all, and who lived as nobly as did ever man of his estate.

MIMICRY IN NATURE

BY WILLIAM J. HOLLAND

*Director Emeritus of the Carnegie Museum and Honorary Curator
of Entomology and Paleontology*

ONE of the most striking phenomena in nature is protective mimicry, a phase of which is illustrated on the cover page of this issue of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE.

In the struggle for existence many animals become adapted in form and color to their environment, thus securing protection from their enemies. The tints of the furry coats of mammals, or of the feathers of birds, hide them from attack. Shades of brown or gray help to conceal rabbits, squirrels, and field mice from the eye of the hawk. The dappled pelt of the giraffe standing under the acacias melts into the surroundings, and only a keen eye can see him. The white winter plumage of the ptarmigan matches the snowy landscape in which it lives. Various greens and olives help to conceal the birds among the branches. Fishes are adapted in color and form to the bottom on which they occur. In the insect world there are wonderful adaptations of this kind. Many moths resemble lichens and mossy spots on the trunks of trees; some butterflies have patterns on the under side which match the rocks upon which they rest or the foliage of the forests in which they live. When they fold their wings they are invisible. Such adaptation to environment is often amazing. The writer re-

calls a beetle which almost exactly represents the dry bark of a tropical tree upon which its larva feeds, the illusion being detected only when the creature moves.

Another phase of protective mimicry is the one illustrated on the cover, showing what is called a protected species,

which again is mimicked by one that is known as an unprotected species. Some butterflies are protected by the nauseous and poisonous qualities which inhere in them. These protected species are immune from attack. Among the butterflies the Danaids are thus immune. One of these insects is very common in the United States.

It is known as the Monarch, or the

Milk-weed Butterfly. It is shown in the upper figure on the cover page and any reader of this Magazine will recognize it. This creature is protected in the manner which I have just described. It is not a toothsome morsel for any bird or mammal. The sight of it apparently provokes disgust among creatures which might be expected to seize it as food.

The lower figure represents a butterfly belonging to a family which does not have the nauseous qualities of the Danaids, and which, whether in the form of the larva, the chrysalis, or on the wing, are greedily seized by in-



DR. WILLIAM J. HOLLAND

sectivorous animals. In the lapse of ages one of the species belonging to this group has become assimilated in color and form to the Monarch. Its popular name is the Viceroy. It distinctly mimics the protected butterfly in almost all respects, as may be seen by comparing the two figures. It gains immunity from attack by being similar in color and form to the protected species shown above it, and also by association with the distasteful brown butterfly. Cases in which an edible species has come to resemble an inedible species are numerous, especially in the tropics of both hemispheres.

PITTSBURGH'S GROWING FAME

[From the *Minneapolis Journal*]

INTERNATIONAL exhibitions are all the rage. Perhaps the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh leads with its great international painting exhibition, its handsome prizes and wide publicity, but there are other exhibitions of a similar nature which are gaining in public approval.

The Art Institute of Chicago has its international water-color exhibition, and Venice assembles a show of contemporary work from all countries where the art of painting is practiced. Then there is the "Tri-National"—French, English, and American—and perhaps a few others which have escaped our attention. The Paris salons, of course, although not deliberately planned with the international idea in view, attract entries from the four corners of the globe.

But Carnegie, in the last issue of the monthly magazine issued by the Institute, is pleading for increased prizes. Other galleries, they declare, are able to offer more. To keep up Pittsburgh's prestige as the leading center for the

international exchange of ideas in paint, they ask the public to provide further prize money. They say:

The stimulations of these annual shows upon our own community are many and mighty. Many thousands of our citizens come, and come again, to see, to study, to praise, to censure, in general to evaluate the year's output of paintings; to check its adherence to, or its departure from, the eternal standards of truth and beauty; to behold whether, in conforming to the eternal standards, it has advanced new ideas worthy of perpetuation; and whether, if it has departed from the eternal standards, it has merely expressed its ventures in forms of essential failure. And in these critical inspections, we all grow into a larger knowledge and appreciation of art.

And then the children from the schools—thousands of them—come trooping daily, all through the year, into these art halls, and, while the paintings are on exhibition, these younger visitors sharpen their faculties, and they, too, learn what good painting is—and perhaps, in some examples, what good painting is not.

Again, it was a rare thing to see Pittsburghers purchasing the pictures that were shown upon the Institute's walls when these exhibitions began. Two or three were sold—the rest went back to their authors. But now all that is changed, and the exhibition is no sooner opened than there is a friendly rivalry and a gentle rush to make the first selections, so that hundreds of these productions are now at home in the houses of our citizens.

There are three things that stimulate the painters of the world and make them eager to send their works to Pittsburgh: first, the joy of showing their creations amidst noble companions; second, the excellent opportunities for a sale; and third, the fine chance of winning a prize.

The Twenty-eighth Carnegie International opens in Pittsburgh October 17. After its close, December 9, the foreign section will be shown at Baltimore and in St. Louis for six weeks each. Who will be first in painting this year? Will it be a modernist? Will it be an American? Those are questions the answers to which are awaited with not a little suspense throughout almost all of the civilized world.

YES, INDEED

We should carry forward every social improvement to the uttermost limit of human perfectibility, by the free action of mind upon mind, not by the obtrusive intervention of misapplied force.

—FRANKLIN PIERCE,

Fourteenth President of the United States

COAL RESEARCH AND THE FUTURE OF PITTSBURGH

BY THOMAS S. BAKER

President of the Carnegie Institute of Technology



THERE has recently come from the press the proceedings of the Second International Conference on Bituminous Coal which was held in Pittsburgh last November under the auspices of the Carnegie

Institute of Technology. In commenting on these volumes the science editor of the New York Herald-Tribune writes as follows:

"No greater monument to the recent scientific progress of the coal industry has been seen than the two volumes covering the International Conference on Bituminous Coal (1928) published by the Carnegie Institute of Technology. It would be impossible to give here the contents of these two volumes. They include such advances as the conversion of coal into oil, the nitrogen fixation processes, the long distance transmission of gas, and the like. This and much more comes from the rejuvenated coal industry. Badly outdistanced by its competitors, it has seized upon research as its salvation, and the medicine is working. Neither this industry nor the petroleum interests have as yet realized that the city smoke problem is theirs. The industry which solves this problem will receive the people's gratitude and their dollars. The Carnegie Institute of Technology is to be congratulated on its share in the advance of the coal industry and on the excellent volumes they have just published."

In planning the first and second Inter-

national Conferences on Coal, the Carnegie Institute of Technology had in mind the possibility of being of service to the City of Pittsburgh, whose industrial greatness is based largely upon coal. The deplorable condition of this industry in recent years makes it imperative that some new ideas, some new methods shall be introduced in order to rescue it from its present state. This is a very material, practical reason for our international gatherings of scientists. But coal is the starting point in a large sector of the modern chemist's field. It can be treated as a raw material from which an almost infinite number of valuable commodities can be derived. Its very origin and composition are still questions which require further study. Its possibilities in increasing the national wealth are far from having been realized. Coal research, therefore, as our congresses have demonstrated, presents one of the most profitable and inviting opportunities for scientific inquiry.

Up to the present, science has done more to injure the coal industry in this country than to help it. Engineering and technical skill have accomplished magnificent results in teaching us how to utilize coal more economically. The consumption of power is increasing by leaps and bounds, but the consumption of coal, the chief source of power, remains almost stationary. For example, the railroads of the United States, which use about thirty per cent of all the soft coal that is mined, are using twenty-five per cent less fuel per ton-mile than was the case in 1920. This is a great achievement. It is a form of conservation of one of our most valuable natural resources, but however beneficent this

achievement of engineering and administrative skill may be to the country at large it is a disservice to the coal-mine owner in that it reduces the limits of his market. It would seem that the best way to combat the decreasing consumption would be for the coal producer to utilize the same scientific ability that the coal purchaser has been employing in recent years. The same sort of ability that has narrowed his markets can discover the means of enlarging them. It would find for him new outlets, new uses for his commodity. This would be the chief objective of the research laboratory which I should like to see established on our campus.

There are few enterprises which I can think of which would yield results of such great economic and scientific value as a foundation for the study of bituminous coal. The investment of a million dollars in such an undertaking would bring high returns. I believe it would be of inestimable value to the coal industry, besides adding to our knowledge of a substance which is the basis of our whole industrial life. It will doubtless be possible to secure from some industrial concerns or coal companies a certain number of annual appropriations to carry on practical investigations, but these are hardly likely to be sufficiently large or numerous to give to the undertaking the stability and the scientific value that are desired. I am hoping that some public-spirited individual may be made to perceive that a coal research laboratory in Pittsburgh and at the Carnegie Institute of Technology presents a unique opportunity for doing a great service and that he may be willing to give to the institution sufficient money to make its realization possible.

I have regarded research in the chemistry of coal and in metallurgy as peculiarly the field in which we should do advanced work. Coal research in conjunction with the Bureau of Mines has been carried on for seven or eight years under the direction of the Advisory

Board of our Mining Department. The monographs that have been published as a result of this cooperation have attained a wide circulation and have been helpful to the coal industry, but in creating a coal research laboratory on our own campus I have in mind the possibility of doing more advanced work and training expert fuel technologists, for whom there are large opportunities.

The new fuel technology as revealed by the scientists at the recent Congress will draw to the coal fields new industries which were not thought of a generation ago. More power will be generated at the mouth of the mine. The processing of coal will produce great quantities of gas, which formerly was wasted, but which in the future may be piped to distant cities, so that some day the gas that is burned in New York may come from the coke ovens of Pennsylvania. The processing of coal will also produce great quantities of tar which will be distilled near the mines and the various stages of refining will create new enterprises out of what are now only laboratory experiments. Furthermore, the gases from the coke ovens will be treated in various ways to produce commodities which can be used for fertilizing purposes. Chemical industries are likely to draw more and more closely towards the coal fields. The newer chemistry will bring about new industrial developments, many of which will take place in the regions where the basic material is to be found. Whatever may happen to other parts of our country we can prophesy with complete confidence that those regions where soft coal is to be found will enjoy an ever increasing activity and an expanding prosperity.

We who live in Pittsburgh, therefore, are encouraged to hope for an even greater future than has been the past of our community, and largely because of the new science of treating coal. As the importance of our chief raw material is increased the importance of our community will grow; as the value of

coal is enhanced the prosperity of our city is extended. Its population must necessarily expand because the day is at hand when we shall see many new industries, based upon coal, developing in our midst.

This is merely a peep into the future of coal, the door of which can be opened by the magic key of research. Will Pittsburgh make this key its own?

BENEVOLENT WEALTH

THE Rockefeller Foundation report for 1928 bears out Mr. Carnegie's creed that men of great wealth have been given a high mission to perform in the dispensation of their riches. A reading of this report discloses the marvelous diversity and scope to which the Rockefeller generosity has been devoted in the past year.

During 1928 the Rockefeller Foundation, in disbursing from income and capital \$21,690,738, (1) contributed to the development of medical sciences through provision of funds for land, buildings, operation, or endowment for eighteen medical schools in fourteen countries; (2) provided for the support of the Peking Union Medical College; (3) made minor appropriations for improving premedical instruction in China and Siam, for operating expenses of seventeen hospitals in China, and for laboratory supplies, equipment, and literature for European medical centers which are still feeling the after-effects of the war; (4) through small grants assisted certain departments of medical schools in France, Italy, and Ireland which offer exceptional facilities for graduate study; (5) continued to contribute towards the advancement of the biological sciences in institutions in four countries; (6) assisted the development of professional public health training in eight schools and institutes in seven countries and in twelve field training stations in the United States and abroad; (7) gave aid to fifteen nurse training schools in ten countries; (8) helped Brazil to combat a new outbreak

of yellow fever; (9) continued studies of that disease on the West Coast of Africa; (10) took part in malaria control demonstrations or surveys in six of the American states and in eighteen foreign countries; (11) continued contributions towards the emergency budgets of eighty-five county health organizations in seven states of the Mississippi flood area; (12) aided the governments of twenty-one countries in fighting hookworm disease; (13) gave funds to organized rural health services in 191 counties in the United States and towards state supervision of such services in fourteen states in that country, and assisted in local health work in twenty-three foreign countries; (14) aided in the establishment or maintenance of certain essential divisions in the national health services of twenty-three foreign countries and in the state health departments of nineteen American states; (15) provided, directly or indirectly, fellowships for 802 men and women from forty-six different countries, paid the traveling expenses of sixty-one officials or professors making study visits in the United States or abroad and provided similar opportunities for 127 nurses and other public health workers; (16) contributed to the work of the Health Organization of the League of Nations through the support of international interchanges of public health personnel and the development of a world-wide service of epidemiological intelligence and public health statistics; (17) lent staff members as consultants to many foreign governments; (18) made surveys of health conditions or of medical or nursing education in five countries; (19) collaborated with the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in field studies of respiratory diseases and verruga peruana; (20) assisted in mental hygiene projects in the United States and Canada, in demonstrations in dispensary development, research, and teaching in hospitals and clinics in New York City, and in numerous other undertakings in public health, medical education, and allied fields.

DEDICATING A HOSPITAL

THE Montefiore Hospital, built by the Jewish people of Pittsburgh, was recently dedicated and is now one of the most useful of all the institutional philanthropies of Pittsburgh.

The dedication was attended by a great gathering representing Pittsburgh at its best. Benjamin Hirshfield was the master of ceremonies, an invocation was pronounced by Rabbi S. B. Friedman, and there was appropriate music in the songs of Mrs. Caroline Himelblau. Among the individuals whose labors were of particular significance in bringing this great enterprise to success were: Mrs. Henry Finkelpearl, Nathaniel Spear, Mrs. Enoch Rauh, Irvin F. Lehman, Mrs. Edgar Kaufmann, and of course Albert C. Lehman, the President of the Montefiore Hospital—all of whom made brief remarks upon the occasion. There was also an address by Dr. Samuel H. Goldenson, and a moving benediction was spoken by Rabbi Goodman A. Rose. The principal address was delivered by Samuel Harden Church, and in response to many requests, it is printed here in full as follows:

The Apostle Paul says of Abraham that he left his home not knowing whither he was going but through faith he was looking for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. In celebrating the glorious achievement of this new Montefiore Hospital, we find that the faith of Abraham has given to Pittsburgh a foundation which is the fruit of a religion whose builder and maker is God. To love God and to love thy neighbor as thyself is the root of the Jewish religion, and this Hospital is one of the noblest expressions of that ideal of humanity which embraces all mankind as neighbors.

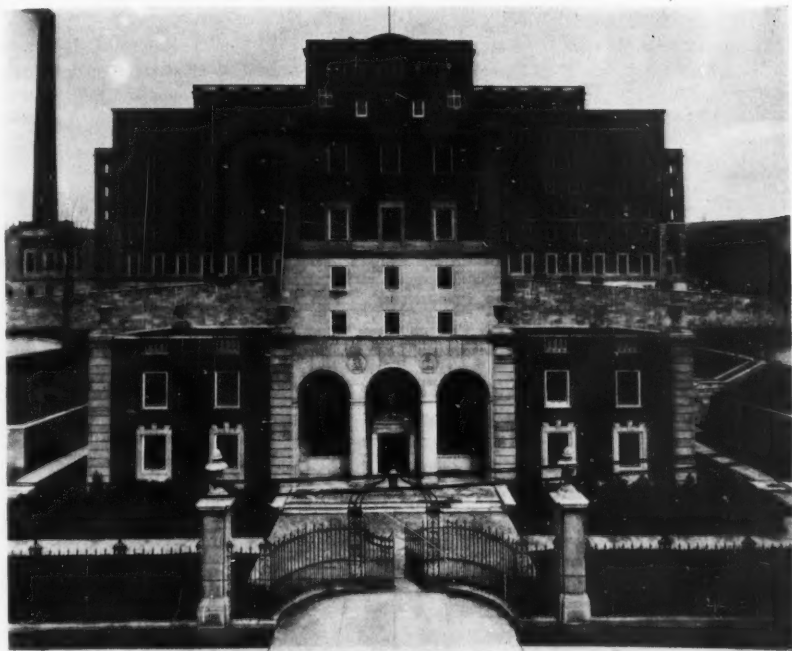
This beautiful building is the physical evidence of the faith, the struggle, and

the perseverance of the Jewish community of Pittsburgh. Some thirty years ago the Hebrew Ladies Hospital Aid Society was formed with the purpose of assisting the poor and the needy to obtain medical and surgical aid from the hospitals then in existence. But these good women soon found the field of suffering so large that they determined to have a hospital of their own, and they built the old Montefiore Hospital, assuming a burden of debt and providing for its maintenance with that faith in victory which came to them through Abraham.

There is an unwritten law of life that every unselfish act inspires the soul to larger aims, and when that first hospital had demonstrated its inadequacy this larger institution was at first thought of as something much desired although presently unattainable, until a group of devoted men and women went into the project with so much enthusiasm and persistence that it has now been brought forth from the shadowland of dreams into the splendid substance of truth and life.

It is a fitting tribute to Sir Moses Montefiore that you should give this Hospital his name. Brought up in the broad liberty of England, Montefiore was a Jew whose leadership and achievements have made him a worthy follower of the great lawgiver for whom he was named. Once, when an order had been issued by the Czar to transport the Jews of his dominions into a segregated part of Russia, it was Montefiore, with the prestige of English citizenship behind him, who put a stop to the cruel banishment. And when oppression was grinding the Jews in the Ottoman Empire, it was once again Montefiore who used the power of his wealth and the ardor of his spirit to alleviate those bitter conditions and release his people from the yoke of tyranny.

This Hospital owes itself to Jewish



THE MONTEFIORE HOSPITAL

compassion. When King David had built himself a beautiful residence and viewed its magnificence, he declared it to be a shameful thing for the king to dwell in a house of cedar while the work of the Lord was done in tents, and it was that thought that inspired him to plan the solemn and gorgeous temple at Jerusalem. And so it is with true philanthropy everywhere. When we have provided for our own comfort and for the welfare of our families, the surplus should go toward the help of the sick and the afflicted, and the uplift of the masses through education and employment.

As this Hospital, one of the finest in the world, is a monument to the spirit of Jewish charity, it would be an ungracious neglect if I failed to pay a tribute of admiration to Jewish character and Jewish religion. From the

beginning, through all the ages, through every form of human hate and fanatical contempt, through the persecution of fire and torture, through dispersal among alien and hostile nations, the Jew has stood steadfast to that majestic conception, that there is only one God, that God is the supreme ruler of the universe, and that the love of your neighbor, exercised in the hour of his need, forms the highest expression of duty to the Almighty. This unshakable faith in God has kept the Jews together in an astounding solidarity of race, while all the nations of antiquity who oppressed them and tried to proselyte them to pagan systems have perished from the earth. Christianity is indebted to the Jews for its religion and for its greatest leader, and when Jesus, the young Jewish carpenter, preached his first sermon he chose his

text from the old Jewish prophet Isaiah, and this was his declaration: That the Lord had sent him to preach good tidings unto the poor, to comfort all that mourn and are afflicted, to restore sight to the blind, to reclaim those who are in prison, and to heal the broken-hearted. That message comprehends the mission of the Jewish religion, as it was intended by its Founder to comprehend the mission of the Christian religion, and it is a plain departure from the teachings of Jesus when some of us on the Christian side have substituted as a worthy religion a degrading fear of our own soul's loss, for that original conception of Christianity which Jesus took from Isaiah, and gave to the young lawyer as the secret of eternal life, and which interpreted religion, not as a formulated creed for selfish salvation, but, in a broad sense, the obligation to heal the broken-hearted. Jesus and Isaiah—Christian and Jew—stand together upon that declaration as the fundamental basis of a common religion, and it is the perversion of that principle by fanatical theologians which has caused most of the wars, oppressions, and persecutions that make history a shocking revelation of human bigotry and human ferocity.

When we look upon this wonderful house of health and healing, this Montefiore Hospital, tears rise in the heart and gather to the eyes, but they are tears of joy, tears of triumph, tears of compassion, because its beauty, its dignity, its equipment for service, and the spirit that has created it make it for all future time a sermon in stone that carries its own mission of curing the afflicted and healing the broken-hearted.

The brain was not designed primarily as a utilitarian organ, but as one to give man enjoyment of life.

—SIR ARTHUR KEITH

The dead have created all that we call civilization, trusting us to correct such mistakes as they could not help making.

—LAFACIO HEARN

CONDITIONAL GIFTS

ROBERT W. DE FOREST, president of the Board of Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has found it necessary to lay down certain rules concerning the offer of pictures and objects to that institution as follows:

Do not accept gifts not likely to be permanently useful either for exhibition, instruction, or lending.

Do not accept gifts which may not be returned to the donors without exciting objection and criticism.

Above all, do not accept gifts with conditions attached which will prevent or embarrass the future development of the museum. Conditions of this character are: perpetual exhibition anywhere in any location, perpetual grouping together, perpetual exhibition in a particular gallery. The chief objection to such conditions does not relate to those which were attached for only a limited time or can be released for sufficient reason by some continually existent authority, but to those which are irremovable.

It is not an unworthy ambition for a donor to wish to perpetuate his memory by such conditions. I have frequently met donors who insisted on our accepting such conditions as the only terms on which they were willing to give. But I have never except in one instance found a donor who did not, on explanation, agree to the wisdom of omitting such conditions.

ITALIAN ART EXHIBITION IN LONDON IN 1930

ALL art interest in London is now concentrated on plans for an exhibition of Italian art to open at Burlington House in January, 1930.

So great were the successes of the recent Flemish and Dutch exhibitions there that the Italian exhibit will be conducted on similar lines. It will be confined to Italian paintings, drawings, and sculpture, dating from 1200 to 1800, and it is expected that governments, public galleries, and private patrons throughout Europe and America will lend their support in making the collection broadly international and completely representative of the periods included.



THE GARDEN OF GOLD

"JASON," cried Penelope, "who is this Titanic man that comes into our Garden? And his costume—!"

"Clad for summer, I'll say!" answered Jason. "Nothing but that garment around his waist."

"And those iron bracelets upon his wrists," continued Penelope, "and the torch of fire! Who is he?"

"Iron bracelets?" repeated Jason. "A torch of fire? They give me an idea. But it can't be possible."

"What can't be possible, Jason?"

"That it is Prometheus—one of the ancient Grecian gods, you know."

"How fascinating! I have never seen one of the gods. Do you think it is Prometheus?"

But the stranger himself now settled the question.

"Jason," he said, "you are right, I am Prometheus—from Olympus."

"Oh, Prometheus!" cried Penelope. "Jason and I do not know how to greet and welcome one of the gods. But we do want to be friendly, and won't you please tell us why you were made to suffer so terribly, and how you endured so much pain?"

"Penelope always

demands a story," said Jason, apologetically.

Prometheus smiled in a sad kind of way.

"It's a simple tale," he said. "Will you sit down, my children?"

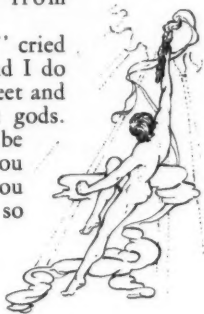
So Jason and Penelope sat down before him, and Colchis, the ram with the Golden Fleece, lay down behind them, and Prometheus, truly a Titan in stature, seated on a rock, told them his classic story.

"My troubles," said Prometheus, "occurred a long time ago. I belong to a race known as the Titans, and we roamed earth and sea and sky long before any animal life was created. When at last man and the other orders of creation appeared on the earth, my brother Epimetheus and I were deputed to bestow upon all animals the faculties necessary for their preservation—as courage, strength, swiftness, sagacity; wings to one, claws to another, a shell covering to a third, and so on."

"How fascinating!" exclaimed Penelope. "What gift did you reserve for women?"

"Wait till he tells you," warned Jason.

"That was what made the trouble," answered Prometheus. "My brother gave away to the other animals all the gifts in our posses-



sion, leaving nothing for man. Moved by what I believed to be a happy thought, I went up to Heaven, treading the silver path which you call the Milky Way, and there I lighted my torch upon the sun, and brought down fire as a divine gift to the human family. This gave man his dominion over the earth. The beasts were his enemies, but fire enabled him to forge weapons that would overcome them. Then came my punishment, for Jupiter was terribly angry."

"The mean thing!" said Penelope. "Why was he angry?"

"Penelope, don't talk that way about the gods!" cried Jason.

"Angry because this very gift of fire gave men the power to destroy each other. Jupiter gave an order to Vulcan to forge great chains, with which I was bound to a rock on Mount Caucasus, where a huge vulture preyed on my liver every day, and when this torture was repaired during the night, the vulture came again the next day, until, after an age of suffering, Jupiter's heart was softened, and I was restored to my place among the gods."

"And the meaning of that story is," said Jason, "that men who do good ahead of their time must suffer from the neglect or calumny of those who do not understand them, but at last they are vindicated when their works are proved."

"But the best thing I did," said Prometheus, "was to use my torch to set men on fire."

"How would you set men on fire?" demanded Penelope.

"I set Jason's heart on fire with my torch when he sailed in search of the Golden Fleece. I set Lindbergh's heart on fire when he flew alone across the ocean."

"Oh, I see," commented Penelope, demurely.

"Here comes a veiled woman," said Prometheus.

Sure enough, there she was, and she took Jason to one side. Penelope looked with some anxiety upon this attractive

but mysterious visitor who was holding quiet discourse with the Gardener. But when the two had spoken for a few minutes, the lady departed, and Jason came back with his prosperous smile.

"No," said Jason, "I can't tell you who she was, for I don't know. She wouldn't tell me. But she did say that she is one of the instructors in the Carnegie Library Summer School for Librarians, and she gave me \$100, which will be added to the Nina C. Brotherton Scholarship Fund, the income of which is awarded to the students who make the best showing in scholarship, student activities, and outside contacts."

"And the Carnegie Corporation of New York will double her gift of \$100—won't they?" asked Penelope.

"Yes—they will," he replied.



ROSEMARY HANLON

The day was not ended when the graduates of the Library School came into the Garden in an enthusiastic group, and the class president, Rosemary Hanlon, gave over to the Gardener the sum of \$439.44 for the Student Loan Fund. This money, they told Jason, now amounts to \$2,309, and is drawn upon quite heavily, and it aids several young women each year in completing their studies.

"And the Carnegie Corporation," shouted Penelope again, "will double the whole amount in 1936, so that the \$2,309 will then be worth \$4,618."

And so it went, and so it goes, all the livelong day in this fruitful Garden.

And that night Penelope dreamed of Prometheus chained to the rock, with the cruel vulture attacking him, and when she told her dream to Jason, he explained to her again that suffering is the doorway into the Palace of Achievement, and that men can suffer with patience when their hearts are on fire.

THE HERITAGE OF LIBERTY

PERICLES, in his celebrated funeral oration in commemoration of the Athenians who fell in battle in the Peloponnesian War, paid an eloquent tribute to their forefathers who had established the blessings of liberty. He said:

I will begin at our ancestors, it being a thing both just and becoming, that to them first be given the honor of remembrance in an oration of this kind: for they, without any variation of race, having been always the inhabitants of this land, by their valor, having delivered to us the same in a succession of posterity to the present time, in the state of liberty; and they indeed deserve commendation: but our fathers deserve yet more, for that besides what descended on them, not without great labor of their own, they have acquired this our present dominion, and have also left the same to us that now are. Which in a great part also, we ourselves here present, who are even yet for the most part in the maturity of our age, have improved; and so furnished the city with everything, both for peace and war, and it is now all-sufficient in itself. . . .

For we use a form of government, not formed by imitation of the laws of neighboring states, nay, we are rather a pattern to others than imitating others ourselves; and this, because in the administration it hath respect not to a few, but to the multitude, is called a democracy. . . . And we live not only free in the administration of the state, but also one with another, as to any jealousy, touching each other's daily course of life; not offended at any man, for pleasing himself, nor assuming censorious looks, which though they inflict no injury, yet cause pain. . . .

We have also found out many ways to give our minds recreation from labor, by the institution of games and sacrifices for all the days of the year; and by the handsome entertainments of private men; by the daily delight whereof, we expel sadness. By the greatness of our city also, all things from all parts of the earth are imported hither; whereby we no less familiarly enjoy the commodities of all other nations than our own. . . .

For to men of renown all the earth is a sepulchre, and not only does the inscription on their monuments in their own country testify their virtues but even in a foreign land an unwritten record of the mind rather than of any monument remains with every one forever. . . .

For the love of honor alone never groweth old, nor in the infirmity of age does the amassing gain, as some say, give so much pleasure as the being held in honor.

In times like this we may well ask ourselves whether we are preserving for

our posterity the precious liberty which was placed in our hands by our own forefathers. Whenever, through a too meticulous fear for private conduct, we dictate the passage of laws that are based either upon religious convictions or moral opinions, we inevitably rob liberty of the full splendor of its worth.

THE MAKING OF WILLS

In making a will, money left to the Carnegie Institute should be covered by the following phrase:

*I do hereby give and bequeath to the
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE in the City
of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

.....Dollars

And bequests to the Carnegie Institute of Technology should be phrased like this:

*I do hereby give and bequeath to the
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF
TECHNOLOGY OF PITTS-
BURGH, PENNSYLVANIA*

.....Dollars

The Carnegie Institute stands in immediate need of a further addition of \$3,000,000 to its endowment funds, that is, \$1,000,000 for Fine Arts, \$1,000,000 for Museum, and \$1,000,000 for the unhampered continuance of the International Exhibition of Paintings.

The Carnegie Institute of Technology stands equally in need of large additions to its endowment funds, and is slowly—all too slowly—building up the \$4,000,000 which it must raise in order to secure \$8,000,000 from the Carnegie Corporation of New York. Let's make our wills accordingly.

The great thing wanted in the world today is the capacity of different people, different nations, to put themselves in each other's shoes.

—RAMSAY MACDONALD

THE LIBRARY MISSION OF MAGAZINES

By RALPH MUNN, *Director of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh*



"SAVE the magazines—let the books burn!"

Magazines have become so essential in all branches of research that the librarian of today might well give this order in case of fire.

Except for a small proportion of out-of-print titles, most of a public library's books could be duplicated easily or replaced with later and better ones. With magazines it is a far different story. From news stand to rubbish pile covers a short period in the life history of the average magazine. Issued by the thousands today, they become rare a year from today. Certain dealers do a thriving business in selling back issues at more than their original price. And magazines form the backbone of the library's reference collection. Without them the librarian would be almost helpless.

At the outset it should be explained that the breezy and snappy stories which crowd the news stands do not come within the librarian's notice, but neither is he forbiddingly highbrow in his choice. True, he does treasure the dignified quarterlies and the esoteric journals of the learned societies, but the periodicals most frequently used are the popular literary and current events magazines and the technical journals.

A test recently made in the Chicago Public Library showed that the *Literary Digest*, *Nation*, *Outlook*, *New Republic*, *Scientific American*, *School Review*, and *Living Age* are most in demand for reference purposes.

"Of making many books there is no end," but reference librarians grow gray

searching for facts which have never found their way into any book. The magazines fail them less frequently.

A sales manager who was recently transferred to Rio de Janeiro wanted to know about schools for his children. Books were of little use, but the Bulletin of the Pan-American Union told him of the private English schools in the Brazilian capital, and he decided to take his family with him.

The broker who needed the price of United States Steel common on July 2, 1917, was not referred to a book but to the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* for July 7, 1917.

An engineer wanted to know how deep an oil well had ever been drilled. No book contained this information, but the Library's indexes led him to page 42 of the *Oil and Gas Journal* for September 6, 1928, and he learned that in Reagan County, Texas, a well had been sunk 8,255 feet.

Is it any wonder that back issues are substantially bound and carefully filed away for future use?

Of course the reference value of a magazine depends largely upon its inclusion in one of the standard indexes. The file of the *North American Review* for 1902 would be virtually worthless to the librarian except that every article is immediately brought to light through the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*.

Would you like to refer again to that article you read by Josephus Daniels? You may think that you read it while returning from your vacation in 1925. Or it may have been in 1924 or perhaps in 1926, and you are not sure in what magazine it appeared but you think it was probably in Harper's. The search may appear to be hopeless but the *Reader's Guide* will direct you at once to page 6 in the *Saturday Evening Post*

of September 5, 1925. Are you interested in the foreign affairs of Soviet Russia? The Reader's Guide will send you to every article that has been printed in about one hundred and twenty of our leading magazines.

The Industrial Arts Index, Education Index, International Index, and Agricultural Index do for their specialized fields what the Reader's Guide does for the more general magazines. Every article is listed by author and subject, and frequently by title.

Mr. H. W. Wilson, the man who planned and publishes these indexes, will have a prominent place in the history of public library service.

The Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh spends \$10,000, or eleven per cent of its annual book fund, for 1,313 different periodicals, of which two hundred and seventy-nine come from foreign countries. Most of them are from Great Britain, France, and Germany, but China, India, Poland, and eight other countries are represented. Perhaps another \$5,000 goes into their permanent bindings.

The Library's Technology department alone spends \$4,000 a year, more than half of its book fund, for periodicals, but without them it could not function. A book dealing with technical processes may become out of date while it is being printed. Even monthly magazines are too old for the engineer or chemist, and he seeks the weeklies. Yet with this expenditure of \$4,000 a year the Technology department has only about one half of the periodicals of the world dealing with chemistry and allied lines.

The jealousy with which libraries are coming to guard their magazine files is shown by their reluctance to lend them to one another. Through a system of interlibrary loans a library can usually borrow a needed book from some other city, but requests for magazine files are not encouraged. Stocks, bonds, and precious jewels may be entrusted to the mails, but not a bound magazine!

Libraries are also beginning to limit the use of magazine files within their own buildings. When it is discovered that entire classes are required to read a certain article, that article is photostated or typewritten to save wear on the volume. Library assistants are being urged to look first in books, and to use the magazines as a last resort. All of this is, of course, to the end that these files may be preserved for future generations.

It is the familiar old rule of supply and demand which is boosting the value of magazine sets. The supply is more or less fixed but the demand is constantly increasing. The library which is established in 1929 needs magazine files reaching back to 1829. The college which establishes a graduate school must immediately acquire the periodical sets which are so essential to research.

Most of these newer libraries are unable to secure full sets, and in their efforts to do so they have awakened the older libraries to a fuller appreciation of the value of magazine files.

The complete set of the Gentleman's Magazine, published in London from 1731 until 1907, is the longest file in the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. The Edinburgh Review, reaching back to 1802, and the Quarterly Review, begun in 1809, are still published, and complete sets are available here. The North American Review, established in 1815 and still continued, is this Library's longest American file.

The American public library rejoices in the liberality with which it lends its possessions. Most of its collection is freely available to everyone. Rare books are sometimes lent to those whose responsibility is established, and some libraries have even lent the pictures from their walls. But don't ask for a bound magazine!

Life and property in the United States are relatively more unsafe than in any other civilized country in the world.

—HERBERT HOOVER

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

THE School of Fine Arts of the Carnegie Institute of Technology is one of the most valuable and, in some respects, one of the most unique departments that exists in the educational system of the whole world. The rising generation—or that part of it which chooses the subjects of culture as against the more material side of learning—is trained in one or more of the five beautiful arts, namely—architecture, painting, sculpture, music, and the drama. In all of these fields the school has in the past years turned out graduated students whose later development has enriched the treasured substance of the nation.

In architecture its students have entered fearlessly into international contests, winning their share of the prizes; in painting they have advanced well toward the front rank of excellence; in sculpture they are beginning to make their mark; and in music they are earning a good livelihood in every form of instrumental execution, besides using their knowledge of the technique of composition in original creations.

No part of Carnegie Tech's work surpasses in picturesque value the product of its school of drama. The students in this field are trained to every detail of theatrical activity—acting, diction, costuming, deportment, carriage, memory, incidental music, and a background of language and history which illuminates all the rest.

They are sometimes started on their work with the heaviest and most baffling plays. For instance, the freshman class last year began with Shakespeare's "King Lear," and gave a surprisingly intelligent rendering of this most difficult of all the dramas. "Cymbeline" was a later production by the senior class, and in between these two achievements, the students gave "The Trojan Women," by Euripides, Gerhart Hauptmann's "The Weavers," Bul-

wer-Lytton's "Richelieu," besides some more recent plays, "The Dark Hours," by Don Marquis, "The Pleasure Garden," by Beatrice Mayor, "Advertising April," by Farjeon and Horsnell, and "Wappin' Wharf," by Charles S. Brooks. A number of one-act plays gave the season's program its needed versatility, and the general interest of the people of Pittsburgh was indicated by the constant pressure for tickets.

This year promises a steady continuance of the high standard of the past, and there are so many young men and young women pressing for admission into the drama classes that the facilities of the school will be taxed to the utmost to keep up with this eager demand.

The loquacious Polonius might well have used towards these ambitious students, at least potentially, the words he addressed to Hamlet in introducing the players at Elsinore: "The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plautus too light."

And Hamlet speaks the appreciation of us all when he replies: "Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live."

"My lord," says Polonius, "I will use them according to their desert."

"Odd's bodikins, man, better," returns the melancholy prince, "use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity: the less they deserve the more merit is in your bounty."

S. H. C.

BUSINESS AND EDUCATION

By JOHN D. BEATTY

Secretary of the Bureau of Recommendations and Secretary of the Mining and Metallurgical Advisory Boards of the Carnegie Institute of Technology



A RECENT SURVEY made in one of the largest utility corporations in this country disclosed a startling fact. The employees and minor executives were receiving as much incentive and encouragement from the

interest shown by the management in their education as they were from the incentive produced by wage advancement and promotion.

Many individuals crave so many kinds of learning that life is not long enough to satisfy them. The United States Bureau of Education has found that an increasing number of corporations have schools and educational departments connected with their organizations. This trend augurs well for our industrial progress.

Every leader of industry realizes that among the rank and file of his employees there is a wealth of experience, which if coordinated and put to work would lead to notable improvements in output and method, and economies in operation. Men are hesitant to make suggestions, fearing that somehow or other a suggestion for an improvement may be misunderstood as a criticism by someone else, or that it may be interpreted as encroaching on another man's field.

Many prominent men have given this subject considerable thought and as a result various plans such as suggestion boxes, employee representation in the management, and educational depart-

ments have become a part of the system of many of our leading corporations. The mere fact that both the management and the men are considering better ways of doing things and working up new ideas and suggestions prevents the development of that complacency that is inimicable to progress. An effort is being made to develop among the employers and employees an accurate appreciation of the ways and means by which they may both make contributions to the advancement of science and human welfare.

Perhaps one of the most significant steps taken by Pittsburgh employers in educational matters is the new cooperative plan entered into by forty-four of the larger firms of this district and the Carnegie Institute of Technology. In accordance with this arrangement, each of the forty-four companies has appointed from one to three members of its administrative staff who will advise and help to register the employees of that company wishing to enroll in the evening classes at Carnegie. This arrangement was effected because it was observed that although many young people have a praise-worthy ambition to succeed, they sometimes make an unwise selection of courses. It is believed that the best advice in this matter can be given the student by someone who is familiar with his position and prospects where he is employed. The company adviser is usually either a college man or one who himself has completed several years of work in the night school. He is supplied with night school catalogues and other descriptive matter in order that he may be familiar with the courses that are available. For the employees of his company he ful-

fills in some measure at least the functions of a college dean.

The firms who have entered the co-operative arrangement with the Carnegie Institute of Technology are as follows:

American Steel & Wire Company
Armstrong Cork & Insulation Company
Bell Telephone Company
Blaw-Knox Company
Boggs & Buhl
Carnegie Steel Company
Dravo Contracting Company
Follansbee Brothers Company
H. C. Frick Coke Company
General Electric Company
General Motors Acceptance Corporation
Gimbel Brothers
Heppenstall Forge & Knife Company
Joseph Horne Company
Kaufmann's Department Stores
Morris Knowles, Incorporated
The Koppers Company
McClintic-Marshall Company
McCreery & Company
Mesta Machine Company
Manufacturers Light & Heat Company
Miller Printing Machinery Company
National Union Fire Insurance Company
News Tribune Printing Company
Oliver Iron & Steel Company
Pennsylvania Railroad Company
Philadelphia Company
Pittsburgh Coal Company
Pittsburgh Equitable Meter Company
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
Pittsburgh & Lake Erie Railroad Company
Pittsburgh Screw & Bolt Company
H. K. Porter Locomotive Company
Railway & Industrial Engineering Company
Rosenbaum Company
Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company
Thomas Spacing Machine Company
Union Railroad Company
Union Switch & Signal Company
Universal Portland Cement Company
Vulcan Crucible Steel Company
Waverly Oil Works Company
Westinghouse Air Brake Company
Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.

The Carnegie Institute of Technology has the largest enrollment of any night school in Western Pennsylvania and is glad to be able to cooperate with Pittsburgh manufacturers and business men in encouraging the people of this district to take advantage of the opportunities the institution offers.

The enrollment in the Carnegie night school has grown from 1,205 in 1922 to 3,831 in 1929. This increase has

been due in no small measure to the favorable attitude of the employers.

This intention of maintaining a high standard of public education represents an important asset to industrial Pittsburgh. Upon the training that is received by each generation depends, in great part, the industrial efficiency of the next one.

SPELLINGS

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE holds no sympathy with the more advanced forms of spelling, most of which have been abandoned after having been tried out in other periodicals, but it will not hesitate to adopt modern for archaic forms as occasion brings them to the surface. Thus, in future, it will use "theater" instead of "theatre," "center" instead of "centre," and "oclock" instead of "o'clock." Furthermore, the Magazine has coined a new and now very necessary word, and has notified its chief lexicographic friends of that fact—namely, "and/or," to take the place of the barbaric thing, "and/or" which has crept into use through the correspondence of the lawyers and the Interstate Commerce Commission—those lawyers who are so powerful in analysis but so helpless in synthesis. Example: "Any stockholder may be elected a director and/or treasurer"—meaning that any stockholder may be elected a director and treasurer, or director only, or treasurer only.

If anyone would demand the authority for these rulings, there is a classic precedent. In one of her roamings through Wonderland, Alice held a conversation with Humpty Dumpty while he sat on the wall and before he had met with his tragic fall.

"I don't know what you mean by 'glory,'" Alice said.

Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously. "Of course you don't—till I tell you. I meant 'there's a nice knock-down argument for you.'"

"But 'glory' doesn't mean 'a nice knock-down argument,'" Alice objected.

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

THE JURY OF AWARD

THREE distinguished European artists will visit Pittsburgh this month to serve on the Jury of Award for the Twenty-eighth Carnegie Institute International Exhibition of Paintings. They are André Dunoyer de Segonzac, of Paris; Vivian Forbes, of London; and Wladyslaw Jarocki, of Cracow.

Particular interest will center on the Jury of Award for this year because for the first time the Albert C. Lehman Prize and Purchase Fund will be offered. This prize is a cash award of \$2,000 to the painter of the best picture in the Exhibition available for purchase. The prize also carries with it a guarantee to purchase for Albert C. Lehman the painting at its list price up to \$10,000. In addition to the Lehman award, the usual Carnegie Institute prizes will be offered, and one by the Garden Club of Allegheny County for the best painting of a garden or flowers.



DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC

In 1906 he left the Academies and, with two of his friends, established a studio at St. Tropez. He exhibited first at the Salon d'Automne in 1908. He served in the French Army from 1914 to 1918, first in the infantry and later in the camouflage section. Since the War he has painted, etched, and made illustrations for books either in his studio in Paris or at Chaville. He was represented in the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Internationals and will

André Dunoyer de Segonzac, who is coming on the Jury, is one of the foremost of contemporary French artists. He was born in St. Antoine in 1884 and studied painting with Merson, Jean Paul Laurens, and Desvallières.

send a group of five paintings for the Twenty-eighth International.



VIVIAN FORBES

artist, Glyn Philpot, he decided to take up art as a career. Most of his training was with Mr. Philpot but he studied for a year at the Chelsea Polytechnic in London. He was one of the artists selected to decorate the Houses of Parliament in London. He was represented in the Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth, and Twenty-fifth Internationals, and had a group of five paintings in the Twenty-seventh.

Wladyslaw Jarocki will come to the United States on his initial visit as the first Polish painter on a Carnegie Jury of Award. He was born in Poland in 1879 and studied art in the Cracow Academy of Fine Arts and later in Paris under Jean Paul Laurens.

In 1906 he settled at Tatarow, a small village in the Carpathian Mountains, and there made many sketches and paintings of mountain life. Since 1912 he has painted for the most part in the Tatra Mountains. In 1921 he was made a professor at the Cracow Academy of



WLADYSLAW JAROCKI

Vivian Forbes, the member of the Jury from Great Britain, was born in London in 1891. He had had no art training whatsoever until he was invalided out of the army in 1918, when on the advice of the well-known English

Fine Arts and in 1924 editor of "The Arts," the most important publication for artists in Poland. He exhibited in the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Internationals and will show a group of five paintings in the Twenty-eighth.

The American members of the Jury are: Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and Charles Hopkinson—all familiar names in American art circles. The complete Jury will meet in Pittsburgh on September 24.

The same fifteen nations represented in the Twenty-seventh Exhibition will be seen again this year when the International opens on Founder's Day, October 17.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBIT OF CERAMIC ART

THE American Federation of Arts assembled a notable collection of modern pottery from America and Europe, and extended to numerous museums and galleries in this country the courtesy of exhibiting these representative examples of ceramic art. The Carnegie Museum had the privilege of displaying this exhibition at the Institute during the month of August, and despite the absence of many people from town during the summer months, it was attended by more than ten thousand visitors.

The collection contained examples of pottery and faience from the United States and many European countries—Austria, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Holland, and Sweden—and provided an illuminating opportunity to become acquainted with contemporary agencies in this branch of art. The exhibit brought forward the increasing trend toward simplicity of form, the diversified effects gained with tempered glazes, and the absence of realistically painted decoration. The styles ranged from archaic motives and reminiscences of bygone periods to the most advanced modernistic conceptions. Of particu-

lar interest to craftsmen was an exposition of the difficult technique of high-fire kiln as mastered by some of the exhibiting ceramic artists.

The exhibit, which included vases, tableware, statues, decorative pieces for gardens and architectural purposes, could not have failed to spread among artisans and the general public a better appreciation of the subtle charm and magnificent possibilities of an art said to be one of the oldest known to mankind.

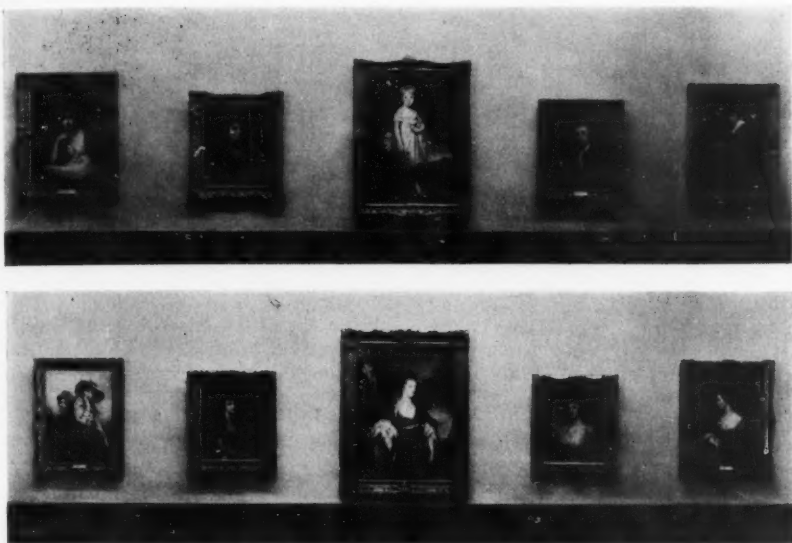
SNAKE STUDY IN SOUTH AMERICA

GRAHAM NETTING, Assistant Curator of Herpetology in the Carnegie Museum, will leave September 19 for a scientific trip to Venezuela, where he will join the expedition conducted by Ernest G. Holt, under the joint auspices of the Museum and the National Geographic Society, for the study of the fauna of birds. Mr. Netting's objective is an investigation of the life and distribution of snakes, lizards, frogs, and like forms. The herpetological collection of the Museum will undoubtedly be enriched by the material and data which he will bring together, and the information will be correlated and compared with known facts from adjacent regions in regard to other groups of the animal kingdom.

THE WORLD IS MY NEIGHBOR

Are there no ideals more stirring than those of martial glory? . . . A patriot needs only look about to find numberless causes that ought to warm the blood and stir the imagination. The dispelling of ignorance and the fostering of education, the investigation of disease and the searching out of remedies that will vanquish the giant ills that decimate the race, the inculcation of good feeling in the industrial world, the cause of the aged, the cause of men and women who had so little chance—tell me, has war anything that beckons as these things beckon with alluring and compelling power? Whoso wants to share the heroism of battle let him join the fight against ignorance and disease—and the mad idea that war is necessary.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE



EAST AND WEST WALLS OF DALZELL ROOM—The J. Willis Dalzell Memorial Collection, to which twenty-eight more pictures were added last March through the bequest of Mrs. Dalzell. It has been the favorite gallery of many Institute visitors this summer.

THE CULTURAL MOVEMENT ELSEWHERE

*How material prosperity is being used by successful men and women
in other cities for the spiritual development of the American people*

MURRY GUGGENHEIM, whose brother—Daniel Guggenheim—is nationally famous for his Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, has provided \$4,000,000 to establish free dental clinics for the children of Manhattan.

The Guggenheim brothers are a family of philanthropists. Simon Guggenheim, brother to Daniel and Murry Guggenheim, has now set aside \$1,000,000 to establish a system of exchange scholarships between the United States and the Latin-American countries. This sum is exclusive of the \$3,500,000 which Mr. Guggenheim gave in 1925 to create the John Simon

Guggenheim Memorial Foundation for the provision of fellowships between our own country and foreign nations.

George F. Baker, never tiring in the bestowal of rich gifts, has now presented New York University with \$1,000,000 to be known as the George David Stewart endowment for the teaching of surgery. Dr. George David Stewart is the head of the University's department of surgery and Mr. Baker's close friend and personal physician.

Pittsburgh must never be second in providing through the power of culture for the welfare of her sons and daughters.



BARNACLES ON THE NEWSPAPERS

THERE is so much that can be said in praise of newspapers that it seems ungracious to comment upon their faults. In recent years the standards of newspaper ethics have had an immeasurable advance, and the character of the men in that profession has grown finer and better in proportion.

And now for the slam. A custom has grown up throughout the country whereby certain enterprising gentlemen purchase a part of the advertising space of a newspaper—usually a page—for the ostensible purpose of exploiting some worthy object, but the cost of which is ultimately paid by subscribers who are interested in that worthy object and who are assessed in such large amounts that the adventurers (and we use that word in it admiring sense) who have bought the newspaper space make a small fortune out of the transaction.

Two examples of this system of exploitation have recently occurred in Pittsburgh. An eloquent and consecrated gentleman called upon this Editor and asked his cooperation in a movement designed to make people go to church. Now, as the Editor feels that going to church is a matter that ought to be controlled by the conscience of each individual, he was not much impressed, but continued to listen. The newspaper had donated a page for its Saturday edition, on which pictures of churches of all faiths were to be shown in successive groups, with a

short appeal successively from well-known men, printed in the center of the page, urging church attendance. Then came the joker.

Would the Editor (this Editor) subscribe \$125 to the fund for this worthy cause?

Why should he? By the Prophet Figs—he would not!

The gentleman then, under cross examination, was forced to make his confessions. He had himself bought the page from the newspaper, to be used once a week; he was to exploit the subject of church attendance; benevolent persons were to subscribe moneys out of which the newspaper received its price, and the profit went to—the gentleman himself! And so, every Saturday evening, the page runs its course, with a grateful public acknowledgment of the subscribing names which have made the enterprise possible, to the enrichment of the clever entrepreneur.

Shortly after this illuminating interview, there came another gentleman on a similar errand in connection with another Pittsburgh newspaper. The paper was going to give a whole page of its valuable advertising space each week to the exploitation of Pittsburgh's activities in business, in art, and in education. One week it would be the banks; and after that our manufactures, as glass, cork, steel; and then the intellectual side of Pittsburgh life—all would be glorified.

Would this Editor subscribe \$100 to the fund for this pride-provoking cause?

Why should he? By the beard of the Prophet—he would not!

Then came his list. Nearly every man of prominence in town, it seemed, had put his name down for \$100, and the total amount was abundantly large enough to pay the newspaper its price and give the adventurer a good-sized bunch of Mr. Mellon's cute little new bills.

It's all bunk, and its whole object is mercenary, no matter what field of appeal it chooses to occupy. And it seems to us that the ethics of sound newspaper policy should protect the public from these misleading campaigns, which, after all, accomplish nothing for the men who put up their money under a misunderstanding of the secret facts.

PREACHERS IN POLITICS

AN esteemed clergyman has, in most Amiable and courteous terms, asked the Editor why, in gazing through his Window upon the world, he should so frequently quote philosophers—from Jesus to Edmund Burke and those of our day—against preachers in politics. The Editor has replied in a private letter to this effect: That the preacher in politics will always demand that his own theory of morals shall be enacted into laws controlling those who hold different theories, and that therefore all such activities must lead inevitably to a backdoor union of that preacher's church with the whole nation's state. Many preachers who fail to see the nation made virtuous by their work in the pulpit are rushing to Washington and the various State capitols to secure the passage of Draconian laws which will either make the crowd conform or go to jail. In pursuing this harsh policy, the Church has lost both its power of compassion and its old eloquence for human redemption, and the ministers who take that course would plainly rather ruin the life of a foolish young man or a foolish young woman by sending them to prison than to con-

tinue the patient call through conscience to the path of righteousness. One effect of this offensive perversion of the pulpit into politics is the staggering revolt of seventy millions of the American people who will have no affiliation with any church, and yet who in the main are worthy citizens. And this alienation from church membership is constantly growing.

Bishop Collins Denny, of the Methodist Church, opposing the demand of sneering and malignant pulpit voices that his church shall be pledged to the enactment of more severe laws, says:

I do not think it is within the sphere of the Church to do such things. I fear it means the ultimate division of the Methodist Church, for many will refuse to be dragged as a Church into politics.

Besides, if we are to have laws defining "public morals" from the standpoint of any one of the Protestant bodies, would there not be some confusion when one of the other churches—say the Catholic, or the Jewish—appears at Washington with a different viewpoint on what constitutes public morals?

If laws could make people virtuous, there would be no vice in the world. But they cannot.

MOONEY

MANY flowers—of speech—have been tossed through the Editor's Window in approbation of the view expressed in the May Magazine that no toleration should be given to the conspiracy to advocate the release of Mooney by propaganda conducted among the students of our American universities. An outcry in behalf of Mooney has already started under a well financed organization, the purpose being to make so much noise that public faith in the orderly processes of the law will be shaken as was done in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Nobody is opposing Mooney in his legal rights. The California courts are always open for the hearing of new evidence, and the pardon board is ever ready to listen to

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extenuating circumstances. Let the friends of Mooney continue to thunder their claims in the ears of these duly constituted authorities. But they will discredit any newspaper whose space they purchase for this false crusade, and they should be chased from the environs of the colleges which they are now invading in their efforts to mislead the judgment of our youthful students.

A FAMILY OF NATIONS

While America and other nations are exhausting their resources, China has not yet begun to tap hers. Because of the external aggression from which China has suffered and is still suffering to-day, there is an increasing number of young men and young women advocating that China should become a militaristic nation, that her four hundred million people should be developed into a great fighting machine. But it would be a crime, a crime which posterity would neither forget nor forgive, if the peace-loving Chinese should be driven to militarism in order to defend their own rights as a sovereign and independent people. There is no military class in China as there is in other nations. The Chinese have never exalted brute force nor worshipped a martial god. The heroes of the Chinese people are not warriors but sages, philosophers, and teachers of peace and righteousness. Surely China, with her four hundred million people, with her four thousand years of culture, with her natural resources, must have some contribution to make to the peace and progress of mankind. Those who are forwarding the mass education movement are resolved to play their part in giving to China an educated and modern citizenry and in developing the true genius of the race, ever striving to achieve the ideal of Confucius, "Under heaven there is but one family." In creating out of the four-thousand-year-old empire a new nation, able to make her contribution, both cultural and material, to the human family, China must have the close co-operation, the active assistance of that great and friendly nation—the United States of America.

—YU CHUEN JAMES YEN [A woman]

There are obviously two educations. One should teach us how to make a living and the other how to live.

—JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

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OCTOBER 24—"Painting—Then and Now," by Homer Saint-Gaudens. 8:15 P. M. in Music Hall.

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